## THE GENTLE BARBER

He Is a Man of Information, Diplomacy and Philosophy Withal.

Only Individual Known Who Can Take a Tip with Dignity-Soul-Wearying Fluctuations of "the Price."



AKE A SEAT IN ANY one of the chairs in the long row, if you please. They are all good men, and will carve you after the prevailing custom or style of the times. You may expect to find here and there a merchant whose stock is old or whose service is behind the times, but

when you enter the precincts of the barber you will generally find his certificate of title to modernisms brought down to the last hour of the last day, fully approved and verified. This suave sculptor may be permeated with peculiar dignities, and may crush the ordinary man with a sense of utter insignificance, yet when the keen edge of the pruning knife has slipped between the face and its pair of incorrigible whiskers-when the hair has received its ointment and is piled graceful winrows across the scalp, the resurrection brings him forth in not so despicable a light after all, as compared with his harvester, and he steps down from his pedestal, as it were, a new being, in a better humor with himself and his

vanities. The ordinary man invariably recognizes the spirit of condescension with which his barber patronizes him, and in some cases in order to indirectly neutralize certain symptoms of inferiority which he discovers in himself, he drops a dime in his barber's hand, merely as a reminder that a mistake was about to have been made. This sets matters aright. Mr. Barber acknowledges hastily both the monetary token and the infinite superiority of such munificence! The royal mendicant who could say, "I will receive this paitry assistance, sir, only on the condition that so soon as I reach Shanghai Castle you will permit my brother, the Duke, to place at your disposal a life-long patrimony." etc., certainly deserved some credit for the astonishing height to which he could rise when receiving a menial gift, but the knight of the razor who can descend from his usual dignity, receive a slender gift, and, ascending, take the giver with him, is accomplished beyond the practices of more pretentious servants of the American public. The barber who can take a "tip," and, in doing so, make such obeisance as will swell the capacious vanities of the giver to lordly dimensions and still escape being fulsome in his acknowledgments is, to say the very least, a paying institution.

That which is so often seen done with apparent ease and grace is generally mistaken for a mean accomplishment. The man who has served his sentence, and, at its expiration, can only through stimulating his nerves endure the pain he inflicts upon himself when grubbing up a day's growth of beard, will never cease to admire the cleverness of the barber whose blade moves across his face so inoffensively it actually soothes his perturbed brain like a soporific. This same barber not learn his trade in a day. He was born a genius so far as that is concerned, or in other words with an intense desire for a certain thing, which in his case was to shave something. His apprenticeship began with the first knife he ever owned, which was whetted on the backs of dogs, cats and almost every animal wearing a shavable exterior, until he was large enough to stand on a starch box and encompass the area of his uncle's jaw. Then followed his formal debut as a barber, arrayed as spotlessly as a lily-and then came the rebukes, the blashemies and execrations of his victims until his art was agreeable to the finest sensibility.

fluctuatef "Are you stopping here in the house." gently quizzes the man behind the chair as he places a napkin under his customer's chin. The answer to that question decides

Why should the price of such travail so



whether he will charge 10 or 15 cents for the shave. If you are a stranger in the city you will pay 15 cents for the job, but if you are a "regular" you get the work done for 10 cents. Vain efforts have frequently been made in this city to fix the price universally at 15 cents. A number of the best patronized tonsorial palaces in this city would willingly support the movement. But as a strict unanimity of action cannot be guaranteed the good old fee of one dime for cutting five years off of a man's face still prevails. No sane man can doubt the advancements made in the art of shaving during the last twenty years. Everybody must concede the fact that the barber has kept abreast the times. No longer does a man rise from the looms up in the swath, his stock of cosmetics will plug and seal it from view. Such is the advanced understanding of barbers that for very many ailments their advice is sought after all other prescriptions have been in vain. While the art of shaving the average American does not require that degree of cleverness exacted from the Chinese barber, its demands are increasing those of aucient civilization. It may not be very long before we will, with our antipodes, insist on having the trumpets of our ears shaved along with the face, at which time the Barbers' Union may be expected to formulate a new schedule of prices.

By no single illustration, perhaps, can the growth of fraternal confidence among mankind through gradations of culture, be shown than by the case of a barber and Ais charge. Was there ever a savage who would for love or money, or even whisky. consign himself unarmed to the mercies of his fellows as does every citizen to his barber! Not much. He would rather pull each individual hair ont by its roots than take such chances! and even to this day be does that very thing. Occasionally, however, this educated confidence is imposed upon. Some years ago a young barber worked at the Spencer House, in whose hands a man trusted himself to his sorrow. The fellow was shaving away rather recklessly and managed to draw the claret from his customer's thin. The customer grew very indignant and attempted to get out of the chair, when the young barber flourished his razor in a ghastly manner, declaring that if he attempted to get up he would cut his d-n head off. It is hardly necessary to state in this age, where discretion has so much better of valor, that the fellow sat still, while his blood ran cold until he was outside the shop. The fact that the barber was insane soon devel-The same incident occurred in Mr. Harms's shop on Massachusetts avenue, before that unfortunate fellow was apprehended and removed to the asylum for the insane.

The Fairs to Come. New York Ledger.

A craze for great expositions seems to be in the air. California is actively working out the problem of a midwinter exposition in San Francisco, to which shall be transported many valuable exhibits now in Chisago. With her glorious climate, ener-

getic, free-handed citizens, who would not understand how to indulge in petty, jealous schemes, California could, if she so pleased, leave Chicago's efforts far in the rear. A company of people lately met in Philadelphia to consider a scheme for celebrating the opening of the twentieth century of the Christian era by a great international world's fair at Jerusalem in the year 1901. As for the year 1900. the Parisians have selected it for a mammoth exposition, to surpass anything ever heard of on this planet, and as a special attraction they purpose building a giant tel escope, by means of which objects as large as a church steeple may be clearly seen on the surface of the moon. And, over seas again, Antworp is quietly arranging to draw all nations of the earth to her bonndaries with a great show. Lyons, France, is to hold a fair next year.

MR, LABOUCHERE,

Some Characteristics of a Man Who Is Often Mentioned.

M. Crofton, in Lippincott. Henry Labouchore is a short-built, pudgylooking man, with markedly arched eyebrows and a pointed black beard streaked with gray, and in manner is genially incisive. He is rising two-and-sixty; was educated at Eton, and spent ten very pleasant years at his country's expense in the diplomatic service. He has sat in Parliament for nearly two decades. He always commands the ear of the House, for he is never dull, always original generally lively and a master of irony, which is most gratifying to every one except the victim. He became part proprietor of the Daily News when it was started as a penny paper in 1868, and dur-ing the Franco-Prussian war contributed to it the celebrated "Letters of a Besieged Resident of Paris." From 1874 he wrote the city articles for the World, in which he conducted a celebrated campaign against money lenders; and in 1877 started Truth, which now brings him in something like fifty thousand a year. and which everybody reads for the sole purpose of ascertaining his views on things in general, for he writes as racily as he speaks. He has the keenest possible insight into affectation and bombast, and as an unmasker of political and social humbug he is unsurpassed; but to take him seriousiy is to apply to him a use for which he was never intended. This is a characteristic which tells against him at times-when he wants to be a Cabinet minister, for instance; but it makes him a very entertaining member of society. He poses as a contirmed cynic, and endeavors to make the worst of everybody, including himself. Yet, withal, he is a most charming companion, and has a rare stock of first-hand stories, which he tells inimitably. Latterly, however, he has become a personage of importance, and almost of seriousness. Politically, as is well known, he is an advanced Radical, and among British workmen "the gospel according to Labouchere" is preached with much popularity. He lives in Pope's villa, at Twickenham, is married to an ex-actress, and smokes immoderately. He is a peer's nephew and a bishop's brother-in-law, but doesn't look it. He does not love Mr. Gladstone.

What the Heart Has to Do.

Leisure Hours. The human heart is a hollow muscle of a conical form placed between the two lungs and inclosed in the pericardium, or heart sac. The ordinary size of the heart in the adult is about five inches in length, three and a half inches in breadth at the broadest part and two and a half mches in thickness. Its weight is from ten to twelve ounces in men and from eight to ten ounces in women.

Dr. Benecke, of Marburg, has made known his observations on the growth of the human heart, the fact appearing that the increase is greatest and most rapid during the first and second years of life, its bulk at the end of the second year being exactly double what it originally was. Between the second and seventh years it is again doubled in size. A slower rate of growth then sets in and continues during the period of maturity of other portions of the body. After the fifteenth year, up to the fiftieth, the annual growth of the heart is about .061 of a cubic inch, the increase ceasing about the fiftieth

The heart, although so small, is a wonderful piece of mechanism and of great power. With each stroke or beat it projects something like two and a half ounces of blood into the conduits or channels of the body, throwing it for a distance of nine feet. This it does sixty-nine or seventy times a minute. The number of its pulsations varies in the sexes and according to posture. In the male it beats eighty-one times a minute when standing, seventy-one when sitting, and sixty-six when lying. In the female it is ninety-one, eighty-four, eighty in the similar positions, respect-

Knowing Versus Doing.

Adele Herrmann, in Lippincott. One letter asks: "Do you know the methods by which your husband performs his illusions, and could you do the same things?" I know fully to the most minute detail how Mr. Herrmann effects his stage results, and I am the only person in the world cognizant of some of his inventions. because he could not trust them to ordinary assistants. Yet, although | have been acting as his other self upon the stage ever since our marriage, I could not perform the balk of his tricks. I lack the practice acquired only by a lifetime's labor, and I lack the confidence of the magician, which must be born in one and can never be acquired. I verily believe that if I were to attempt the simple rabbit trick, after the thousands of times I have seen it done, I would scream both from fright and the fear that the audience were detecting my imposition as bunny leaved from space into the hat. I am convinced that self-confidence more than any other quality is the first requisite of a magician. Few people can really appreciate what imposition upon human credulity means.

Small-Headed Bryau.

Joe Howard, Jr. A very small-headed, timid-hearted, weakkneed individual named Bryan, one of the world's fair commissioners at large, having been asked and having promised to deliver an address of welcome to the Patriotic sons of America, daughters included, at the fair, finally refused to speak on the ground that as many of his personal friends are foreigners and Roman Catholics he was afraid his speaking would give offense to them. The fellow should be discharged, bonneed from chair with the razor's path blazed across | his place. It was always a surprise that his face, and if the elliptic of a pimple | he was given the honor, and the infelicity of his selection is now abundantly shown by his own ridiculousness. If the sons and daughters of America can afford to welcome the sons and daughters of foreign lands. surely our own national commissioners. whether of native or foreign birth, ought to be proud to be asked to deliver an address of welcome on so significant an occasion as the one referred to. With all due respect to this particular Bryan, wouldn't it be a good idea for him to change his name to Balaami

The Benedict Yacht.

Boston Journal. The harrowing intelligence is published that the yacht Oneida, on which President Cleveland is accirstomed to take his prolonged summer outings, is a Roach-built vessel-built by the man whom his first administration ruined. If there is any "structural weakness" about this craft neither Mr. Cleveland ner her owner, Mr. Benedict, seem to know it-and the Oneida was launched ten years ago and has steamed 65,000 miles in all winds and weathers and many oceans.

Appropriate F:reworks Design,

Boston Transcript. "Chicago day," Oct. 9, the twenty-second anniversary of the great fire, is to be celebrated with special splendor at the world's fair. One of the big pieces for the fireworks of the illumination now given for all these fete nights on Lake Michigan should certainly be historic. We suggest Mrs. O'Leary's cow in the act of trying to jump over the moon.

Irreverent Comparison.

Boston Journal. The two emperors have met, and the scene recalled Mother Goose: He began to compliment,

At d I began to grin; "How do you do!" And "How do you dof" And "How do you do!" again. So It Can.

New York Mail and Express. Is this a Republican year? It can be made a Republican year by Republicans.

SETS of the G. A. R. edition of The Jourpal, Sept. 2 to 8, inclusive, will be sent to any address for 25 cents.

FLYING THROUGH THE AIR.

Experience of an Athlete Who Went Up with a Parachute Jumper.

Philadelphia Times. Charles Goodman, the athlete, who recently made an ascension with Professor Wilson in his balloon from Eldorado, N. Y., claims to be a Philadelphian. He came from New York a few days ago to re-engage with Barnum, as he declares that he will never enter the basket of a balloon again. "The one experience I had was enough for me," he said. "I can do anything any other man can do on a trapeze bar, but I don't care to perform on a trapeze above the clouds, with nothing but a large silk umbrella between me and the sky and a bank of mist between myself and the solid earth some thousands of feet below. I was convinced that I had nerve for anything, so went over to New York to make a trial ascension. I was to go up five thousand feet, then come down with a parachute, performing on a bar as I descended.

"When I reached the grounds the mammoth air ship was stretched out upon the grass, but soon it began to swell as the workmen began to initate the great silken bag until at last it bounded up and down, held only by two stont ropes.

"At last all was ready, and to the net-

work on each side of the balloon was attached a folded parachute. They were so arranged that the weight of a man's body would break the string that held them in position, and allow him to descend. "The huge bag of air, fifty feet by eighty feet, floated free, and we stepped into the circular wicker basket. It was my first ascension, but I did not feel in the least afraid. Instead a feeling of exhibaration took possession of me, and I watched the men below as we soared upward with the speed of a rocket. A slight breeze carried us toward the Hudson, and I noticed an anxious look on the professor's face as we floated out over the silvery river. 'We will strike another current of air higher up,' he said, and threw out several bags of sand. How quickly we shot upward, right through a cloud like an ar-

we had just been traveling. "Several minutes passed and we could see through a rift in the clouds below us that we were once more above dry land. The professor prepared to leap.

"You will not drop through the clouds,"

moments the earth was shut out from our

view. The professor was right, we did

strike an opposing current or air, and so

suddenly that we were almost thrown from

our seats. The big balloon suddenly flut-

gasped. "'Certainly,' he replied. 'It will be something novel, and people seeing me fall from the clouds will marvel the more.' 1 have always been considered daring, but for the first time in my life I began to feel nervous. I watched the professor sieze the bar of his trapeze and put his legs over the edge of the car. 'You had better descend s few thousand feet,' he said, as he turned his head, then sliding from his perch on the edge of the car, he was gone. Down he went like lead. I thought his parachute would never open, and my blood ran cold. But just before he entered a fleecy cloud the silken umbrella opened wide and swayed from side to side, then it was lost in the white ocean of clouds below, and I noticed for the first time that I was ascending al most as rapidly as the professor was de

scending. "The balloon, relieved of his weight, shot upward like an arrow and I did not know how to stop it. In my excitement I threw over several bags of sand, and suddenly realized that I was ascending faster than ever. I sat down for a moment and tried to collect myself. I remembered that the professor had said something about a valve and pulling a cord if I wanted to descend, but with my usual recklessness I had pretended that balloon ascensions were an everyday occurrence with me and did not

"I thought of descending with the remaining parachute, but my courage failed me. I determined to wait until the gas grew cold, and when the balloon had descended to a point three thousand feet above the ground, I would take the parachute and make the jump. But the balloon did not descend, and soon the air became so rarified that I found it difficult to breathe. It was icy cold, and, even though the sun was shining brightly, and the only clouds in view were those thousands of feet below, I was almost frozen. I stood in the center of the little car and waved my arms about, but I had to breathe so hard that the exercise was pa 'vi. My head grew light as I stin ascended, The cold was so intense that my lips cracked and the air so light that they bled freely. Soon my nose began to bleed. I was too week now to think of descending by the parachute. It was as much as I could do to stand. All the sins of my youth passed before me, and in despair I raised my hands to heaven to ask forgiveness. My fingers clutched something. In my delirium I supposed it was a ladder sent down from heaven. I pulled it toward me. and a moment later felt that the balloon was descending. A few thousand feet below full consciousness returned to me, and I realized that I had pulled the string of the valve and had let the gas out of the balloon. I now became frightened at the velocity of the descent, and again turned to the parechute, but the string that held the bar to the car had given way and the trapeze was now awinging above space a dozen feet away. The only way for me to reach it was to jump for it, and this I did not feel disposed to do. Still, we were descending rapidly, and as the car dashed down through the clouds I noticed that the balloon was again in the under corrent and driving toward the river. must either jump for the trapeze now or run the risk of being drowned. Thousands of times in the circus I had taken such leaps, but now I knew that a slip of the hand meant death. But there was no time to hesitate, so balancing myself on the seat of the car with the aid of a rope, I sprang out into space. My hand clutched the bar, and in an instant I was descending with terrible velocity.

"I was certain that the parachute would never open, but it did, and a thousand feet above the earth my downward flight was checked. The great awning above swayed from side to side and gently descended. passed over the roof of a house, than glided through the branches of a spreading tree. felt an awful jar all over my body, and realized that I had reached the earth once more, and I shall never leave it again until am sent for."

The Football Lover,

Cholly Knickerbocker. The college football player is now industriously preparing for his annual march of triumph, and the society girl is getting ready to tender him the homage which they both agree is his due. I have often heard it asked by people who are not en rapport with modern college methods and etnice, why it is that our girls go into such raptures over these buriy, hardy, muscular undergraduates. The answer seems to me to be easy enough. It is merely contrast. As compared to the namby pamby, canesucking, eigarette-smoking, effeminate anglomaniaes who are springing up around ns, these brawny football players are Mttle less than gods-to the girls. Of course, we who have been through it all know that the juvenile feminine estimate is too high. but, for all that, we cannot help sharing their admiration and enthusiasm. One good football rusher is worth a whole field of those silly little idiots whose intelligence seems to be exhausted in toddling about our streets and yelling like so many overgrown babies.

The Welcome to the G. A. R.

Whitewater (Wis.) Register. The Hoosier capital was on her mettle. She had set out to do her best, and that is as good as any city on the planet can do. The Grand Army has had many cordial welcomes, but none surpassing that at indianapolis. The war came nearer home there than to most Northern cities. It was the center of great activities and directly on the line of march for thousands of troops going to and from the front. The vate railroad management goes on making patriotic spirit of the great war Governor. Morton, and of the vast majority of the citizens, had to contend with a small but intensely disloyal mipority, and an earnest. aggressive national feeling was aroused which has never lost its force and to this day is easily stirred to onthusiastic display

---Zola Justified.

London Daily News. of French peasant life, it was said that | the girl!"

such things as he described could not be. But a case which has just been tried at the assizes in the Department of the Tarn shows that in "La Terre" we have unfortunately only too true a picture. An old man named Veyrios had ceded his farm to his son, stipulating that he should have food and lodging. He was immediately placed in the worst room of the house and starved by his brutal son. One day the younger Veyrios asked his father to come to the stable and help him to move a large empty tub. As the old man stooped down his son pushed him into the tub and turned it over. Then he put heavy stones on it and locked the stable door. After three days be again went to look, and finding his unhappy father still alive he strangled him. The son has been sentenced to death, his only defense being that the old man was too expensive

THE GREAT PACIFIC.

Interesting Compilation of Figures Showing Its Magnitude.

Longman's Magazine. The Pacific ocean may be reckoned to include 68,000,000 square miles, or more than one-third of the total area of the earth's surface. It extends through nearly 125 degrees of latitude, or three-eighths of the world's circumference-a stretch of 9,000 miles from north to south. From east to west it varies from an even greater length to less than lifty miles. If confined by the amallest possible length of boundary line. it would form a round pond 9,300 miles in diameter. The deepest sounding made by the Challenger expedition was in the Pacific, between the Carolinas and the Ladrones, and was 4,475 fathoms, or 26,850 feet; a greater beight than any mountain in the world except three. A still deeper sounding was made from the United States ship Tuscarora, of 4,600 fathoms (27,600 feet), at the entrance to the Sea of Okhotsk; this being probably the deepest reliable

sounding ever made. The Pacific ocean has not been explored nearly so thoroughly as the Atlantic, and generalizations from the comparatively few statistics available may be subject to considerable inaccuracy; but, putting together the recorded soundings, and taking into account an estimate of the depth based upon the swiftness of the tide wave, it seems probable that the average depth of the Pacific may safely be put at 3,000 fathoms (18,000 feet), or nearly three and one-half miles. This gives the entire contents of the Pacific as nearly 132, 000,000 cubic miles. Some conception of one onbic mile may be got from the statement that if we had a block of buildings of that size, it would take an hour to walk around it at a good pace, and a fairly easy staircase to the top of it would contain 10,-000 steps, while thirteen cathedrals as high tered, then, almost collapsing, it darted off | as St. Pani's could be piled up on one anin an opposite direction to the one in which | other without reaching to the top.

The cubic contents expressed in feet is thirty-four trillions (thirty-four million million. This is a number it is not easy to realize. It is so great that if a million clocks ticked once a second for a million years their combined tickings would not amount to it. As each cubic foot of water weighs over sixty-two bounds, the weight of the Pacific is over two thousand trillion pounds, or 950,000,000,000,000,000 tons.

The Mother Grown Old.

Harper's Bazar. Grown old, the mother is sometimes sorrowfully clear-sighted and freed from the blessed illusions of youth. When her children were little things playing about the door, and tucked into bed at night, all safe, and sweet, and rosy, she had her dreams of their future. There was nothing too bright, too brave, too beautiful for her imagination and her hope as she looked at her darlings, sleeping or waking. As they grew older went to school and to college, or into the shop and the counting room, the mother still dreamed and planned, still wove her enchanted stories, in the center of which she saw her children, heroes, professors, scholars, benefactors, champions of the weak, defenders of the helpless, ornaments of the age and renowned-to-be. Her Frank, her Charles, her Sydney, whatever others might do, they were bound to excel, to stand in the van, to reap the rewards, to scale the heights, to discover the long-hidden secrets.

But there dawns a day upon the mother, when, grown old, as wrinkles and gray bair testify, she renews the wonderful keen ness and acuteness of childhood; she sees the dropping of many masks; she comprehends things as they are. Past the hour of dreaming and castle-building, past the clouds and the mirage, her vision is like that of one of God's angels.

Early Education.

Detroit Free Press. The tramp had applied for something to eat at a Brush-street house and had been accommodated. As he was eating, the lady of the house talked to him. "You ought to be at work," she said.

He almost choked at the thought. "Wish me something easier, lady," he pleaded. "You could work if you tried."

"I've most forgot how, lady." "Why don't you turn over a new leaf?" "It 'nd have to be a mighty light leaf, lady, er I couldn't do it; I'm that weak." "You should seek some kind of employment, anyhow." "I do, lady. I've been huntin' a long

time, but I can't find anything." "I hardly believe that." "It's true, lady, but my early trainin' is against my success." "What was your early training "I was raised a detective, lady," and

then she went away and let him finish his

Fun in Fillydelfy.

feed in peace.

Boston Herald. Philadelphia society has discovered new diversion. At the latest gathering of the Quaker aristocracy the events of the occasion were a bonnet-trimming contest between the gentlemen and a whistling match between the ladies. The prizes in these competitions having been awarded. a house cat was put forward as the prize to be won in a game of progressive old maid. And thus Philadelphia manages to keep awake.

How He Knew.

New York Weekly. Lawyer-Are you sure that occurrence was on the 17th of the month? Witness-Yes, it was the 17th.

Lawyer-Now remember, you are under oath. How do you know it was the 17th? Witness-'Cause the day before that-Lawyer-Be careful what you say, now, Witness-was the 16th, and the day

after it was the 18th.

Why Susan B. Is Single.

Philadelphia Press. Miss Anthony-there is but one-says that she was impelled to remain single because of the custom of calling the widow a "reliet" of her deceased husband, and she would rather remain for ever unmarried than have ber existence recorded for future generations as the "relict" of any man. Well, Susan need not do that. She might marry a good, tough, smoked-seasoned man and die first. Then he would be the relict.

Stead's New Fad. Chicago Herald.

Editor Stead, of the Review of Reviews and Borderland, has taken up a new fad. He is booming a new jag cure, and advertises for "half a dozen first-class drunkards -confirmed, hopeless, gin-sodden dipsomaniacs"-upon whom to experiment. With such a wealth of material as the House of Lords and the London Board of Aldermen close at hand, Mr. Stead will probably have no difficulty in securing what he wants.

A Jab at the Court of Arbitration. Kate Field.

And think of a court of arbitration made np of presumably wise men, that determines upon protecting the seals to a certain limit, yet prescribes no penalty for violation of the law! If women had been guilty of such an unpardonable omission, how the welkin would ring with their incapacity; yet men can walk erect and lay claim to superior acumen after such an exhibition of senselessness.

Be a Good Way Out of It.

New York Recorder. Public ownership of railroads is an idea such ghastly records of clearly preventable disasters as have marked the past two months.

Didn't Want That Reward. Philadelphia Record.

At the Shore (fond father)-How can I life! There's but one thing I can give you. and that is -" Hero of the honr (interVACCINATION AND SMALLPOX.

Mr. Ensign Says It Is Not a Preventive, and Offers to Prove It.

To the Editor of the Indianapolis Journal:

I have read your editorial opinion, in to-

day's Journal, on vaccination and the health laws of Indiana, and I ask permission to use your columns for a few words of reply. I will agree with you that vaccination is generally accepted among the people as a preventive of smallpox, but that is because they know little about it. Those who have investigated the effects of vaccination are opposed to it. Claude Bernard has well said that "When one meets a fact in opposition to a dominant theory we must accept the fact and abandon the theory, even though, being supported by great names, it may be generally accepted. The fact in the present case is that vaccination does not prevent small pox. I hardly expect you, or any of your readers, to accept my unsupported statement. I will gnarantee to prove, by statistics which no one will dispute, that smallpox is more common to-day and more virulent in form than it was before Jenner discovered vaccination. I can prove to the public that before vaccination was introduced a person over twenty years of age very rarely died of the disease; so rarely, indeed, that out of a great mass of statistics now in my possession, including those relating to the epidemie in Berlin, Germany, in 1746, 1 fail to find a record of one person over that age dying from small pox. The deaths were mainly among children between one and five years, the mortality decreasing as the age increased, until it ran completely out at twenty years. On the other hand, in the epidemic of 1871, in the same city. 2.448 persons over the age of twenty died of smallpox, and in a city where fully 90 per cent, of the population were vacinated! The writer has made a study of medicine and disease for the past fifteen years, de-

voting more time per day, on the average, to actual study than any physician in Indiana. I have done this partly from a natural inclination and partly for the protection of my family. I think I am entitled to claim to know something of the subject under consideration. If it was a mere prejudice, as you assume, that prevented certain people of this city from having their children vacuated. I demanding the surrender of such a whim to the will of the majority. If vaccination did no harm, I should also agree with you; but when I have incontestible proofs that vaccination has scattered the seeds of syphilis. tuberculosis, scrofula, eczems and a myraid of other constitutional taints all over this broad land of ours, I object. If that majority will examine into the facts and express its will from a knowledge of them. then will I also acquiesce. But I am not disposed to submit to mere numbers. Prof. Kranichfield, of Berlin, after a thorough and exhaustive investigation of the subject, says, emphatically: "I, too, have vaccinated my fourteen children at a time when I did not know how injurious it was. To-day I would resist the authorities and the police law!" There are people in Indians to-day who, with a full knowledge of the facts, feel very much the same way. Alexander Wilder, M. D., professor of physiology, New York, says: "No man has a right to disease another under any pretext. I vaccination was prophylactic against smallpox its infliction would nevertheless be wrong and without justification. It is not thus prophylactic and, therefore, ought to be restated. The medical man who vaccinates or advocates vaccination does it in the very face of science and as an empiric only. Vaccination tends directly to impair the integrity of the body. It is certainly the profaming of everything sacred in a person. When this impairment bas occurred the person will always be more liable than ever to sickness and epidemics. Hence a vaccinated people will always be a sickly people, shorter lived and degener-

The facts, which I am ready to produce, ustify Professor Wilder's statement. On the legal questions involved in the action of the Board of Health I do not claim to be thoroughly posted. My observation is, however, that the laws of this country are based upon common sense principles, and I am inclined to take a common sense view of this matter. Citizens of a common school district have a property right therein, and a property right cannot be taken from such citizen without a trial, according to the Constitution. This consideration takes these cases out from under the police power. There are other questions involved. Many of the citizens who object to vaccination do so from conscientious and religious scruples. and their objections are intelligently formed. If, after reading the sixteenth and seventeenth verses of the third chapter of First Corinthians, a parent can conscientiously permit the insertion of a filthy pus poison into the veins of a healthy child, I do not think much of his religion. The Constitution surely protects them here. It is not within the power of the Legislature to enact a law forcing a man to violate his own

conscience, and the Board of Health cannot be greater than its creator. Another thought and I am done. If vaccination prevents smallpox, how can the 'protected" be jeopardized by the unvaccinated! If the Board of Health comes into court they will be compelled to admit either that vaccination does not protect. or that the unvaccinated did not endanger the vaccinated. You can't have it both

It is strange that people can believe that vaccination protects, and see vaccinated people dying with smallpox all around them. How many of the Muncie cases were unvaccinated? Just one, and he hasn't died, as he ought to out of respect for the Board of Health. W. S. Ensign. UNION CITY, Ind., Sept. 22.

Girls in a Family.

Harper's Weekly.

All babies are good, but girl babies are the better sort. For one thing, they are prettier than the other kind, and then they grow up with much less violence to the parental feelings. Just as a boy baby begins to be really attractive you have to cut his hair and put him into trousers. thereby bringing (practically) a stranger into the family, and causing a violent npheaval of ideals. But girls can be allowed to progress without much interference on the same lines on which they start. None of their changes are violent. From long dresses to short, from topknots to curls, from curls to braids. from braids to the next thing, whatever the fashion is, from short dresses to longer ones, and at length to woman's skirts -all the gradations run easily into one another, and give pleasing impressions to the observer. And then, besides, as has been so often pointed out, a family that has a reasonable grip upon its own, never loses its girls. "A man goes where his wife wills," and for sound reasons, because she lives at home more than he does, and it makes more difference to her than to him where the who will marry them in. And it is one advantage of this plan that it gives the family some chance of discrimination-albeit a small one-as to the men it will have, whereas, if it raises boys it has got to take what fortune sends

For these reasons, and for a great many more other reasons than can be here set forth, it behooves any family that thinks itself somewhat long of girls to be humbly thankful, and try hard to raise all it has

Fooling the Old Hen.

Detroit Free Press. W. D. Brown, of Port Huron, has invented a trap hen's nest, which should increase the egg production, if the hopes of the inventor are realized. It is arranged in such a way that the weight of an egg will cause tile bottom of the nest to drop out, letting the egg slide down an inclined plane into a cotton-lined box, the bottom then returning to its former position. When the hen looks to see the result of her work, and sees nothing, it spars her on to further exertions, and therein is the beauty of the invention. Mr. Brown has some bens which have laid as many as eight eggs in one day on one of the patent nests.

Seeing the Fair Alone.

The Outlook. In a vest-pocket guide to the fair this advice is given: "If possible, see the exhibits without a companion." The spectators at first regarded this advice as saturnine and ever reward you for saving my daughter's | selfish. Half the pleasure of sightseeing is in sympathetic appreciation, it would seem. But it is difficult to find one's affin-When M. Zela wrote his repulsive story rupting)-Oh-hl Please, sir, don't give me ity in sightseeng where there is such a

more difficult to keep together in a crowd and sllow any leeway to individual interests. A shargy-bearded Westerner spoke with some wisdom on this subject: "Me and and my wife want to see different things. I hanker around the Mining and Transportation buildings, and she hankers around them little deaf and dumb mates and the Woman's Building. So we agree to meet two or three times a day and swap yarns, and that way both of us has a good time." It is certainly true that the larger the party is the more danger of separation and ensuing worry and disappointment and loss of time. The Spectator would venture this rule: If you can go with a friend who is gifted with imperturbable good nature, keen appreciation of the best things (i. e., those which you admire), and rare tact in helping you to keep your own temper unruffled, go with him-or her; if not, let each do his own sight-seeing, and then meet at meal times and "swap yarns."

WHAT THE FLESH CAN STAND. Some of the Horrifying Tests Applied by Fakir of Morocco.

Westminster Gazette. The management of the Aquarium at Westminster has the laudable ambition to secure novelties, but that ambition has overreached itself in engaging the "involnerable fakir," Hadj Soliman ben Aissa. This young man's performance is entirely unsuited for a public exhibition, however interesting it may be to scientists. Soliman is a paletaced, muscular, Frenchspeaking Arab, twenty-eight years of age, and he is said to be a priest of the Aisse. sect of Mohammedans. Yesterday he gave an exhibition of his powers to a body of medical and press men, and Mr. Ritchie made no secret of the fact that the salary paid to Soliman is one that some Cabinet

ministers might envy. The general appearance of the man in his Arab costume was picturesque, and his cast of countenance is ascetic. A brazier filled with burning charcoal stood on a table, and Soliman, sprinkling some mysterious powder over the embers, inhaled the incense-scented fumes. He then went through the fakir dance, which consists of throwing the head backward and forward with such rapidity that it needs must be screwed on well. Telling his audience in excellent french that he was now insensible to pain, he ran a long needle through the muscles of each arm, through each cheek, and through the throat below the Adam's apple. No blood came except as call, and the Asab did not wince in the

Then a more objectionable "feat" was accomplished. Soliman ran a dagger into his abdomen-about the middle-fully three inches deep. This was enough for some of the audience, who left the hall. But there was more to follow. The Arab with a thick needle pierced his tongue, the tongue being, of course, one of the most sensitive parts of the human body. The fakir next drew out his eye, as far as it would go, with a dagger. A medical gentleman declared afterward that it was done by dislocation. The eyeball is an unlovely thing-at least those parts of it which a merciful Providence keeps concealed-and the "feat" is as disgusting as it is, happily, uncommon. The curious thing about it was that there

was no running of water. After this it seemed quite tame to see the man take out half a dozen vipers, brought from his native Morocco, and allow one of them repeatedly to bite his hand. The venomous creatures were a little larger than those one often encounters in this country. Finally Soliman put his bared arm over a fire till the limb blackened and the audience cried, "Hold, enough!" The flesh did not seem to scoreh at all. Then there was a repetition of the dauce, and the man went at such a pace that he fell forward. He dashed water over his head, breathed hard and groaned, and made an exhausted bow to the audience.

The medical committee was unanimous that the "performance" was genuine, but no one attempted to solve the riddle. The most probable explanation that occurs is that the powder fomes serve as an anæsthetic. The anthropologists of Munich seem to have been designted with the exhibition, but the general public of this country, who raised an outcry against the affair last week at the Chicago exposition, are much more likely to be sickened than

The Joy of Sudden Death.

Pall Mail Gazette It is more than twenty years ago since Bishop Wilberforce, riding with Earl Granville to Mr. Leveson-Gower's seat in Surrev. where Mr. Gladstone so often stays, fell from his horse and was killed. It was said at the time that he desired a sudden death. Singular confirmation of this is afforded by a story just told in an obituary notice of the Rev. George Crabbe Rolfe, for lifty-four years vicar of Hailey, Oxon. The writer says: "On one occasion the Bishop and Mr. Rolfe were riding together down a very steep hill in the parish, the vicar on his old pony, the Bishop, as usual, on his one good mount. The latter rode down somewhat too precipitately for the vicar and his pony, and Mr. Roife, on catching his lordship up, twitted him upon his intrepid horsemanship. To this the bishop replied that a sudden death was about the happiest thing that could bappen to a man."

A Session at Home.

"Going to lodge, Arthurf" exclaimed the young wife, in surprise. "I didn't know a were a member of any lodge. "Why-aw-yes, Georgiana," said the young husband, "I belong to the Order of

"And would you rather spend the evening with a lot of Elks than with your own And Arthur meekly hung his hat up

Living Within Their Salaries.

Hartford Courant. Judge Robert S. Hefflin was a Congressman from Alabama for two terms in the seventies. He recently declared that his expenses for the two terms were only \$30 a month, or about \$390 in all, and that he has lived comfortably off the remainder of his salary ever since. This beats the record of a former judge of the Superior Court in this State. He received a salary of \$4,000 a year, lived on \$500 a year, and retired as a

Strange, Indeed.

capitalist when his term was over.

Strange that girls should prefer going into a store, where they can wear their best every day and have their evenings to themselves, rather than go into a nice family, where there is nothing to do but to slave and scrub, early and late, and where the party in power, and that directs matters, knows nearly as much about housekeeping as a rhinocerous does about crochet work or a deep-sea flounder about the sci-

ence of aeronautics. Proves that the Old Man Is Dead.

Chicago Journal. To the average American woman it is rather startling to hear Brigham Young's first wife described as a gentle woman. with a face free from care, and kindly gray home is. If any one wants men in his eyes. . She is now seventy-two years old. family, the best way is to raise girls | and is gracious and dignified in her manner, This must prove that Mrs. Young No. 1 never knew the meaning of jealousy.

"Hornet" Reed.

New York Re order. "Reed is vanquished," says the World. Not much, he isn't. Tom keed, of Maine, in a Democratic Congress is very much like the hornet which Mark Twain said "could clean out a whole camp meeting when he felt well.'

Not Deceived.

Tolede Blade. An Onio widow has just married a Turk in the Midway Plansance of the world's fair. Mrs. Audle, "for that was her name." knew what she was about. She wanted a Turk and got him. Many a women gets one without knowing it until afterwards.

Very Sad.

Chicago Record. "Mister, gimme a dime. I'm a wictim of the Indianny train robbery.' "How were you a victim?" "I didn't get any o' the stolen money,

Vocal Evolution.

Atchison Globe. When a woman is young her voice is low and musical, like the tones of a flute, but after she has a husband and children she blows them up in tones resembling a loco-

motive whistle. Belated Knowledge,

Atchison Globe. A great many people do not learn until they are forty-five or fifty that it is danmultitude of attractions, and it is still | gerous to become confidential with people.